

Stephen was a stable groom
He watered five foals all and some
Ere the morning star was risen
Nor daylight to be seen

He saw a star was fair and bright
Over Bedl'em standing
Of a truth the Prophet now is born
That all the world shall ransom

He leads the foals from water
By that star so gleaming
And he is gone into the hall
Where Herod sat amusing

There is a child in Bedl'em born
And He is better than we all
Herod answered thus to Him
I'll not believe your story

I'll not believe your story, boy
Till the ragged bird that is on the board
Claps his wings and crows my Lord
In truth it is his birthday

Now Herod sat and he did wait
The bird came together on the plate
Feathered was he never so fair
As he flew up on the red gold chair

He clapped his wings and he crew so fair
My Lord this is his birthday
And Herod down from his kingly seat
In grief has fell a swooning

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